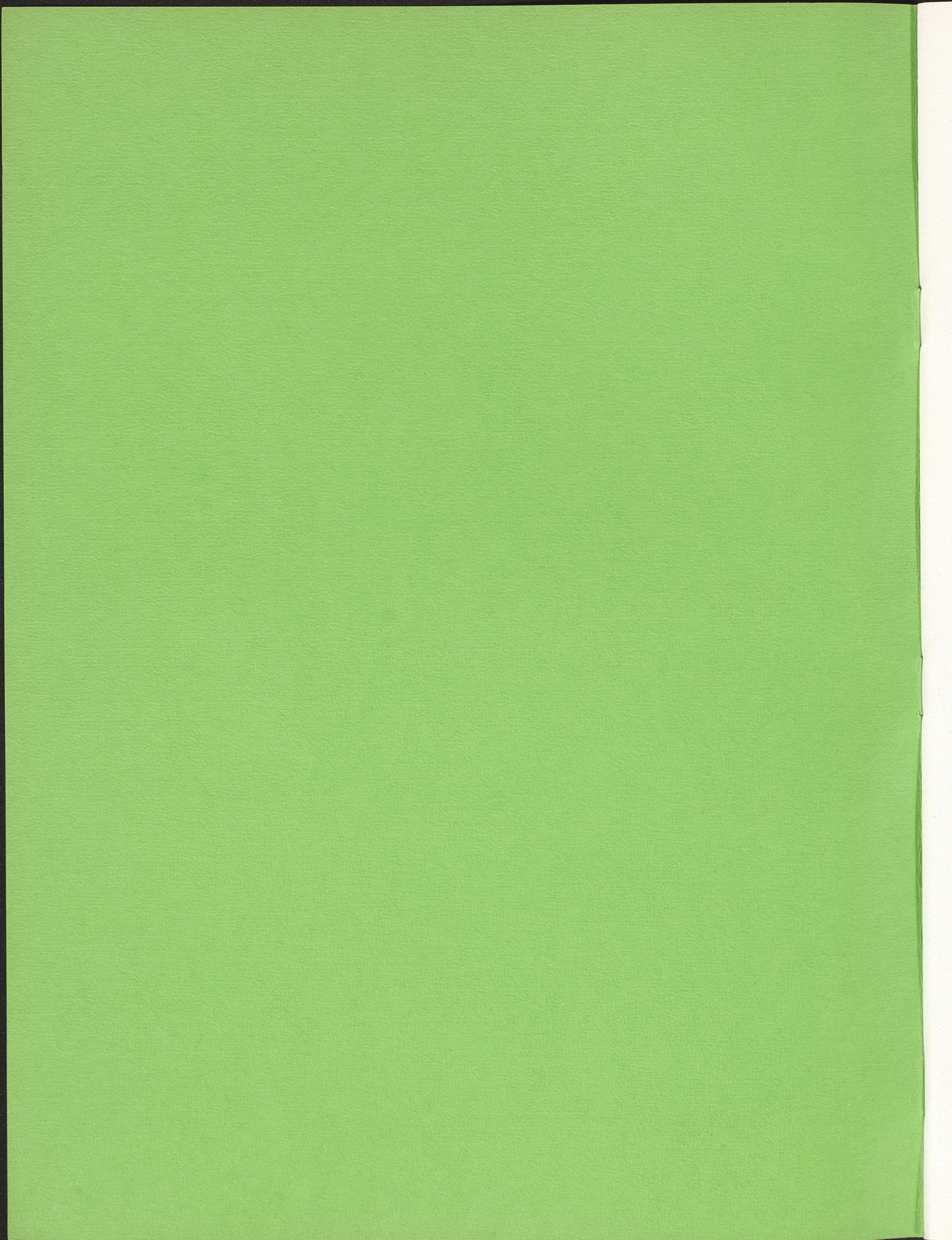




HALLMARKS '75



MEMBERS

Mrs. Stamps sponsor
Susan Dicker president
Mary Stamps vice-president
Ann Archer secretary
Betty Andrews
Marijo Cook
Amy Cross
Vanessa Draper
Aurie Hall
Nancy Hammonds
Ellen Hobbs
Mary Margaret Macey
Caroline McNeilly
Lauren Muller
Mimi Nischan
Betsy Settle
Helen Short
Beth Smith
Melinda Stanfill
Julia Storey
Merida Sullivan
Nancy Swystun
Liz Thompson
Anne Williams

CONTRIBUTORS

Lucy Adkins '76
Betty Andrews '75
Ann Archer '75
Marijo Cook '78
Susan Dicker '76
Vanessa Draper '75
Ann Edson '76
Aurie Hall '77
Nancy Hammonds '77
Jeanne Harris '79
Becky Hinshaw '79
Ellen Hobbs '75
Mary Margaret Macey '76
Max MacNulty '78
Caroline McNeilly '76
Heather Muller '80
Lauren Muller '77
Mimi Nischan '78
Helen Short '76
Linda Small '77
Beth Smith '77
Martha Stamps '79
Mary Stamps '76
Melinda Stanfill '78
Julia Storey '77
Merida Sullivan '76
Betsy Swartzbaugh '78
Nancy Swystun '77
Liz Thompson '77
Anne Williams '77
Katie Groos '80

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Betty Andrews
Dot Petterson

ART WORK:

Stephanie Justice
Mimi Nischan
Betsy Settle

COVER:

Dot Petterson

Untitled
Mary Stamps '76

Stop all that crying;
Stop sniffing they say.
Just stop your self pity,
And stop it today.

You can't live on memories
Old hopes and dreams,
At first things look bad
But they're not as they seem.

He's not the only
Fish in the sea.
You've got to get moving,
Go fishing and see.

Put down those pictures,
And throw out his letters.
Things can't get worse,
So they've got to get better.

Two postcards, a valentine
One faded rose,
Dried orchid and ticket stubs
All this stuff goes.

They say to be strong
Yet I never felt weaker
I'm told to be bold
And I never felt meeker.

I just can't go fishing
I don't have a pole
I'm still rather fond of
My own gold fish bowl.

Merida Sullivan '76

The kindest word in the world is the unkind word . . .
unsaid.

The Foxhunt
or

7:30 A.M. Saturday Nov. 18
Lauren Muller '77

The east wind is cool,
There is a slight rain.
Come, that doesn't stop these gentlemen,
So what if the weather is a pain?
Red coats, Top hats, Hunting Whips Cracking,
Black hooves, Braid manes, Trusty steeds
backing.

They jog along quietly, but then,
Old Maybelline picks up the scent,
four other join her song, and suddenly,
They're kings of the world!
The rain is beating down hard now;
Splashing and splattering mud now,
Mud on your face, Mud on your coat,
My God!
Mud down your throat
Tally-Ho! A view to the right!
A big red dog fox, full of flight.
They're galloping, galloping, chasing,
galloping . . .

Then Hoa!
Have we lost him?!? Come on Maybelline,
Where did he go?
They stand in a muddled huddle.
The horses are panting.
The men are no better,
but wetter,
The hounds are hinting-for rest.

It's been a good chase, it's been a good run,
And Reynard has won the race,
Their hunting is done.

They jog along quietly
The horses' heads hanging low
The reins are all loose now,
They know where to go.

The flask is brought out . . . it's been a good
bout.

"Ode to a Never-failing Friend!
Beth Smith, '77

Faithfully you always hang around
despite the distasteful sound.

Unity—that's the word.

Together you stay
 wrinkled,
We're quite assured.

You fight
 wind, rain, and Mondays
 till stiff and sore
Think of all the hardships you bore!

Oh, all have done without you.
 What a terrible, terrible sight!
In every corner, door, and room
they must have took flight.

To think you will fall apart again
 makes me very sad,
 for you will always leave
 upon my heart
 the imprint of green and gray
 plaid.

I LOVE
Betsy Swartzbaugh, '78

I love the stormy oceans and the sullen
 sea,
Cool cold milk and warm hot tea.
I love children running and laughing out
 loud,
A large light cotton ball: the cumulous
 cloud.
I love friends whom I know I can trust,
Fattening foods and fresh bread crust.
I love the man who can steal my heart,
Timeless antiques and the broken earth.
I love brand new clothes and faded jeans,
And all the many expressionless things.
I love.

Shalom
Rose Ann Dortch '77

Peace:

So many different things
To so many different people.
A solitary beach and the crashing waves,
A crowded room and the noisy voices.

The differences

Go on and on.
But peace for me
Is simply being with you.

America Hurrah Ha Ha Ha
Anonymous

May you take your poverty aid
and your military aid
and your foreign aid
and even your cool aid,
for what it's worth,
america

You may burn us for
burning our draft cards
(as our mothers once
burned us before, for
playing with matches.)
but it no longer matters,
america

You can prosecute us,
for not killing in an unjust war.
for wanting peace,
through an universal, workable understanding,
love,
do not want to kill a person, for such an
unworthy cause,
as we are fighting for now.

Death
Merida Sullivan '76

In the chill of the damp night,
I ran silently and swiftly
to reach my destination,
Thinking as I went,
of the despair and regret
we must face
At tomorrow's departure
It is strange
that after so short a time
We must return to ourselves
To our minds,
and decisions.
Why must we face this?
Why must we be forced down again
into the space
from which we've just emerged?
As I reach your door,
I hesitate.
Will this be the last time?
The last happiness we will know?
Perhaps years will pass,
and yet, we are forced to accept it,
for we are not yet old enough
for minds of our own.
Finally in your arms,
I realize,
This is not the end!
It is only the beginning
The youth of our love,
and happiness.
Only our first departure.

She was so little, frail & kind
Big Blue Sparkly-eyed w/Stringy
Blonde Hair.
She was "Miss Hotdog Smile" of our Block
the Regular Roller Skate Derby Queen
Watch out puppy here I come
RRR-Room Wsst
And then, when I came home one day, she
Wasn't there. Gone—
They found her, but w/o her
Hotdog Smile!
It melted away and I cried.

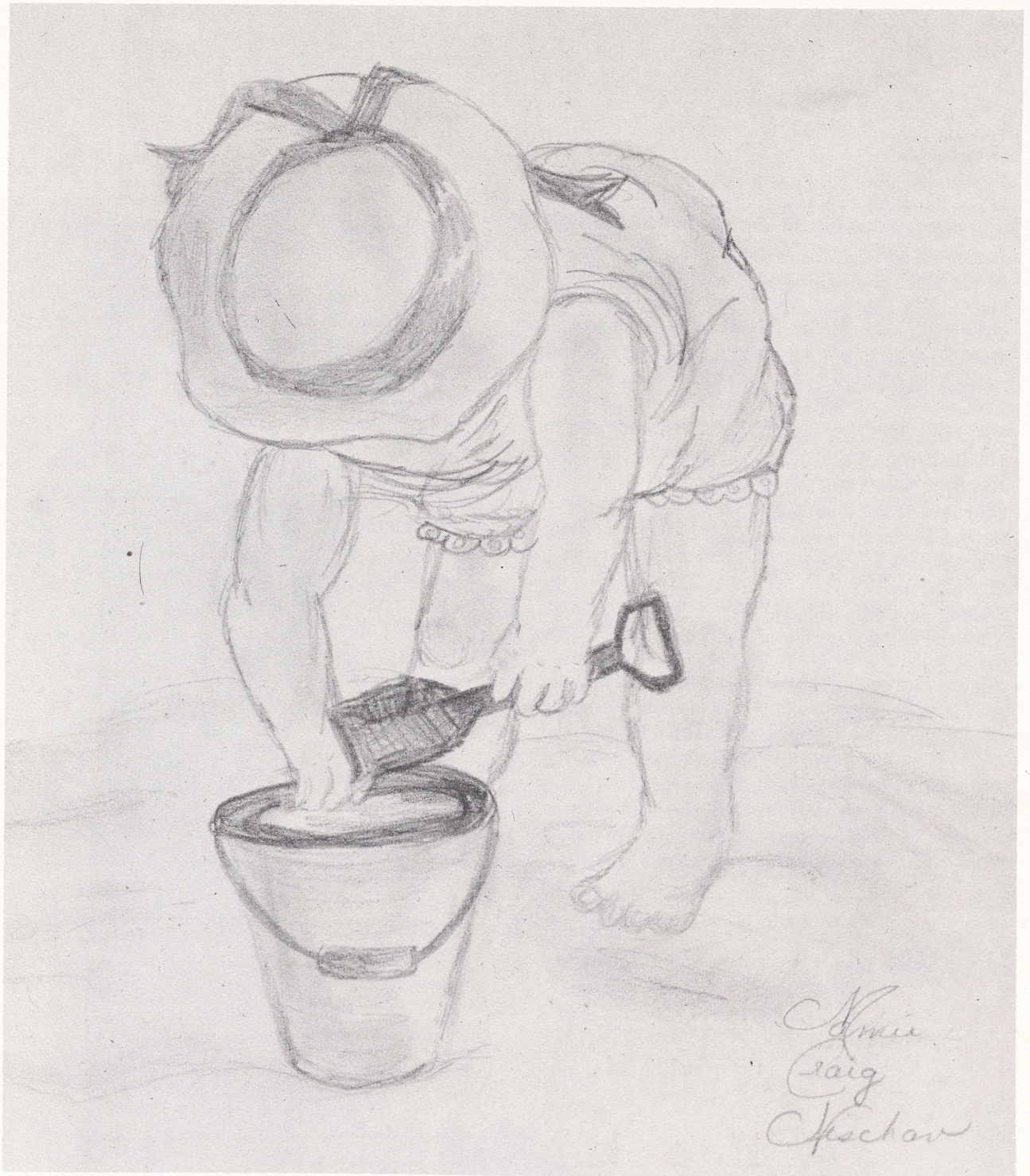
Anonymous

What Children Love
Mimi Nischan '78

Children love
to play in the afternoon dreams
and in dusty corners of windowed attics.
Children love
to tiptoe, wavering
on the top of high, white-washed fences.
They love
to swing on moondust
and slide down the arching rainbow
making sure to grasp all colors
into the pool of laughing tears.
Children love
to dance in the multitudes of
flowering fields of gold and
to examine every bloom with
delicate noses and
dimpled hands.
But the favorite love of
children is the special place in the trusting
heart of their Father.

Liz Thompson, '77

Power of life pumps through
my veins.
I feel the flow move slowly
into my every thought.
Spring has come with all its
glory and sensations.
I lift up my hands
to heaven and
Know that
God is here.



October
Mimi Nischan '78

O, Lone one
Your time comes but once a year
When the acorns are ripe
And the harvest over.
Your burning locks dance about
In the fierce Autumn wind.
Your face is cold and sharp
Until those twin emeralds
Sparkle warmth to the soft cheeks.
Around pale shoulders
A hooded robe of green
Keeps out the night time chill.
The harvest moon; your lantern
The stars; your twinkling host
Your song is the lone wolf's:
Melancholy in the hours of dark.
your charm is as discreet
As a night owl
roosting on a craggybough.
A wreath of deep orange is your halo.
O, October;
You are truly a lone one.



Beth Smith '77

Dear Sissy:

Hi! I hope Buster, the postman, gets this to you. It's not very far. But Daddy is the only one I know who can pull that thing and make the stairs come down out of the ceiling. Anyway, we can still talk by writing, thanks to Miss Post who taught my class to write letters. I remember that old board with a big letter and the words "heading" and "body". I forget the rest. That was the dumbest board I had ever seen but no one could tell Miss Post, or she would talk for a whole hour about some faraway place where it's real hot and kids don't have to go to school! Someday I am going to write a letter to those kids and tell them that school's really dumb and that they shouldn't go if they can't spell and don't have proper penmanship. (Miss Post always says that word. I guess she thinks I know what she means). I hate Miss Post 'cause she likes me. She always calls me Elizabeth (that's what Daddy calls me when he wants me to do the dishes or mop the floor or something.) Miss Post always says "Is baby sister well"? (the way big people talk when they want someone to think they are nice.) I couldn't wait to get away from her and play with you, Sissy.

Before mommy left, I could run home to play in your house. We had fun, Sissy. I kept you clean. You must have felt so stupid sitting in the sink after we played in the bathtub. Mommy said you had to drip. Mommy was smart. She could always put sandwiches on a plate real nice. Poor Daddy, I can't do things like

Mommy did. Mommy said that after you dripped you wouldn't get your new gown wet. Mommy even helped me rub you with ajax and get off those marks that the mean boy next door made on your face.

Your hair is all fuzzy and old but you'd look funny in that curly wig Auntie gave me for you. It made you look like someone I didn't even know. When I threw it away, Mommy lied to Auntie. Mommy knew. If I knew where Mommy went I would write her a letter and say come back. I told Daddy to write her a letter once, but he stopped eating and went away to smoke. He always does that. Maybe it's because I burn the roast beef.

Are you lonely in the attic, Sissy? All our friends are up there too. Tell them "hi". I'm sorry, Sissy. You heard what Daddy said. He said I was too busy to play. He said I would forget about you. I don't think I ever will. He said I wouldn't need toys after I went away to school. He said I would learn to be a big girl. I've seen them and I don't like their big dresses. They look silly. That faraway school is dumb. You know big girls always giggle and try to smile a lot.

Baby sister is crying. Daddy says when she cries I have to go see why she cries. Nobody comes to see me when I cry. I'm leaving tomorrow, Sissy. Be clean and nice and get proper penmanship before I come home. I love you.

Your friend,
Becky

A Walking Fruit Stand
Lauren Muller, '77

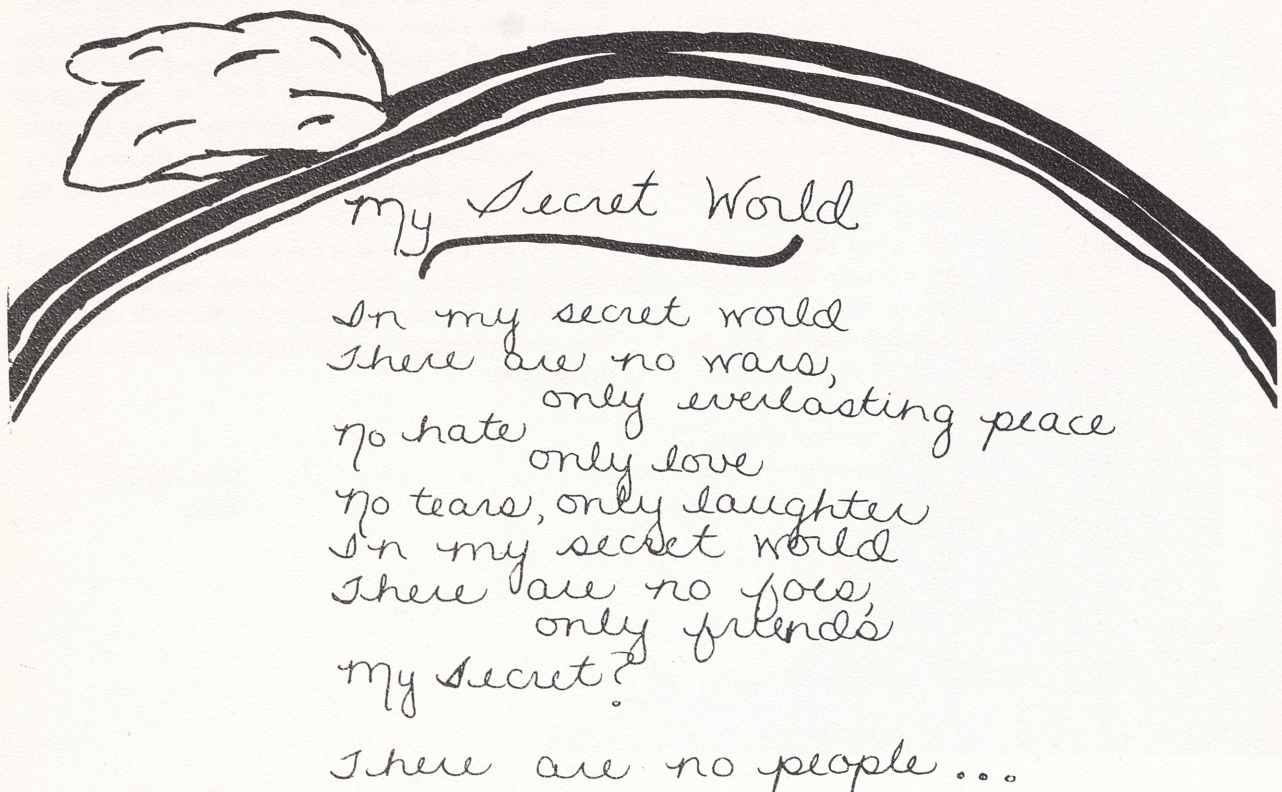
Bubbling, Bashful Blueberry soap,
Appetizing Apricot Shampoo.
Tingling Tangerine lip gloss,
Luscious Lemon creme rinse, too.
Charming Cherry breath mint,
Personal Persimmon Perfume,
it's true!
Do you want to know where
the sweet smelling flower girl went?
She's been replaced,
Brought to her dandelion doom!
Stand back sweet lilacs and roses,
The taste buds have taken over
the noses!

Haikus
Hot
Lauren Muller '77

Hot city, wet tar
melted ice cream, candy bar
sticky feeling ... hot!

Lauren Muller

The sky is on fire
with red flames the sun gives in
to cool dusk. Good-night.



Melinda Stanfill '78

Her Second Cigarette
Ellen Hobbs '75

She caressed the coffee cup and regretfully
watched the smoke
of her
second cigarette
vanish.

She watched the fried egg
congeal and
listlessly thought of
waste.

Another mouth and nose filled with smoke and
blown
wearily
away.

A life
begun so differently
now
LOST.

Death
Helen Short, '76

It came quickly,
No one even knew it was coming,
No one even knew it was near,
But it came,
And no one could do anything.
Well it came and it left, and it took,
And we hung our heads in sorrow,
And then we asked "Why?"

We never heard an answer,
And soon we forgot our sorrow;
Life went on,
Until it came again.
Silently it crept up, it left, and it took,
Darkness filled our hearts,
We hung our heads in sorrow,
And this time we asked "When?"

Untitled
Anonymous

When I look back on past struggles, I see how far I
have come, yet I also see how far I need to go. I still
feel pain, but differently; I am able to cope. Now my
tears are not just those of pain, but also of joy. I have
looked and I have found. I have flown among the
clouds, and I have lain among the small creatures of
the wood. I no longer exist, but now I live. My Re-
naissance has begun.

Lucy Adkins '76

You sail in the sea of my soul;
Basking in the calm, trembling in the tur-
bulance,
But you do not know me.
You never venture into the depths of my
mind.
Am I so strange that you are afraid
To know what I am thinking?

Rose Ann Dortch '77

Close the door a little louder,
Turn the stereo up a little louder,
Shut your mind a little tighter,
But are you
After all,
As good company
As you expected
Yourself
to be?

Martha Stamps '79

Stumbling down the path,
Tripping over roots,
Dropping my soap,
 And knowing he's following me,
That strange awesome creature
 Who follows *everyone* down forest paths
 Under the moon's bluish glow.

Considering that maybe ...
 If I whistle loud enough,
 Or possibly sing a song
The process will be reversed and he, not I
Will be the one tearing through the bushes
 like a madman.
But deep down, I know it's not true.

 And so I run ...
Stumbling down the path,
Tripping over roots,
And dropping my soap,
 Until finally, reaching my cabin,
 I see the naked lightbulb in the center
 Of the room attracting moths,
 Hear Susie's laugh,
And am sure of my safety.

On Parting Friends
Nancy Swystun, '77

Hold back not your tears,
But let them flow freely.
For their warmth touches a piece of my
 heart
That cannot be otherwise reached.
And melting to helplessness
I will cry with you,
And we shall be as one
For yet a little while longer.

Marijo Cook '78

Well
I have one more clean sheet of paper
on which to
express myself (!)
before I go to sleep,
this being my
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,
9th attempt
tonight,
it has to be good!
Poetry is a great way to
express yourself,
remember?
and I know
the minute I adjust to the coolness
of the sheets, and am just
drifting into the realms
of sweet sleep
(see what *The Odyssey* is doing to me?)
he'll call,
and I'll have to drag
back out
and express myself (!)
verbally.

Tanka
Mimi Nischan '78

The kingly mountain
With his flowing purple robe
Nurses the flowering,
Crimson fields scattered at his foot
with gentle serenity.

How aggressive is
the valleyed hillside
flaming with beauty,
Yet only the shimmering pool
can paint this fire with perfection.

Always
Ann Archer '75

Love is not bound by time. It captures
each moment so that the past is preserved
in the present, ever-present in Love's mind.
This is why Love is always—Always.

Dedicated to Leslie's Damp Pillowcase
Ann Archer '75

Staring at the lion, face to face,
The giraffe looks down, full of distaste.
Tiger sympathizes with tearful one
Koala Bears climb pink trees, then run.
Funny ...
Some just stare, don't care to do,
Others ignore, turn backs to you.
A single shoulder, sympathetic ear
Most hurry, avoiding the lonely tear.

Susan Dicker '76

A smile,
The expression of warmth and friendship,
Asks to be frozen in its beauty.
Yet the iciness of the preservative
Melts the warmth of the smile's love
And leaves a cold base of indifference.
The smile no longer expresses kindness
But rather
It resembles the innocence and purity of snow
Before it burns us with its cold.

Linda Small, '77

To reach out on our own
Life's road unfolds to us
Thru experience and learning
... we mature ...
When young we learn to share
But not yet of oneself
Making friends and buying friends
To count the new each day.
Endless efforts time and again
To grasp at each new opportunity
An internal craving to learn
To try and duplicate favorite characters.
The second stage of life
Develops from the first
Pose our questions, find no answers
... we live on ...

Expected to be someone we're not
Conforming to the standards they set for us
Indecisive moments become
Encouraging and positive future feelings
Objectively we climb
Our life begins to mold
Yet still a frame without the picture
... we live on ...

till tomorrow ...

endless searching ...

Marijo Cook '78

I can't decide
if it's worse to
suffer about something
and go through complete
agony
or to have someone
that you love
suffer -
and not be able to do anything about it.

Liz Thompson, '77

Perplexed.

Piecing together unfinished
memories.

I sit and stare and wonder.

What does my mind see?

The aging days of happiness
that lasted 'til eternity.

I never realized that eternity ended
but

now I guess I'll remember.

He always did have a forceful mind,
but

I never thought he'd really
leave.

The booming words hit my heart
with a pang.

"It's over," He said.
Eternity ended with a thud.

I was landed in a dark
cold world.

I sit and stare and wonder.
Perplexed.

Nancy Hammonds

A thousand months
shall pass away

But here I'll sit,

Juggling the days

The hours, appointments,

Opinions new made

Trying to squeeze every drop
of understanding from

Every thought, every decision

That's ever been made

Until my imagination feels like
it might burst like a giant

Rainbow balloon—

And I'd be left

Empty headed

Dizzy

All my thoughts all over the floor

And out the door

And I'd chase after them

and gather them up

and begin again—

Juggling.

Anne Williams '77

Childhood . . .

Feeling so big on that first day,

Working together in new books,

Bringing favorite toys for show-and-tell,

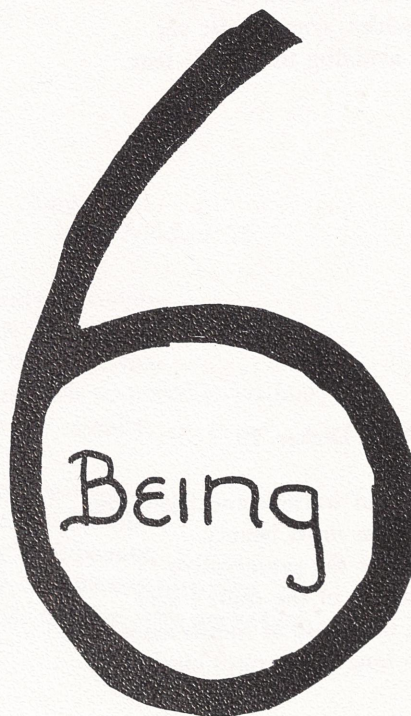
Finishing juice and cookies the fastest,

Running outside at play period,

Swinging so high that the swing set jumps,

Climbing up in the treehouse to play dolls,

Being six!



Tomorrow
Nancy Swystun, '77

Tomorrow
Is like a lake.
The longer you avoid getting into it,
The colder and less appealing it seems.
But plunge right in
And you will find it feels as good,
Or maybe better,
Than yesterday.
Take care, though, not to jump
Until you reach the end of today.

Ann Edson

I can't light a lighter or even strike a
match.
I don't know my right from left and can't
quite catch
How to spell the words I use every day.
I can't tell time so I'm in a bad way.

I wish I could fly by my power alone,
And search the sky for a place to call
my own.

I wish I wouldn't feel silly if I danced
in the street.

I wish I could sing this to everyone I
meet—

"I want to see the sunset for another
million years.

I want to write a novel that'll bring
the world to tears."

I want to fall in love with a man just
like you.

There's too little time and too much I
can't do.

"Shadows"
Beth Smith, '77

He rocks back and
forth
in rhythm with the ticking
that slowly eats away time.

Tattered days of old pulled
out of his pocket
to fumble through again
and again.

Building dream
upon
dream
till they melt in the blaze in his eyes
and drip down his cheeks

Startled
from his rocking
Long Shadows glide their way across
the ceiling.
yet
only a passerby.

Mary Stamps '76

You.
My thoughts
My summer
My Memory
My existence at times
Seeing that you're part of me—
At least I feel that you are
You must be
For I will never forget you,
So you will exist in my memory
forever—
However long that may be.
I sometimes feel that I should thank you
Thank you for what?
Well, nothing in particular
And yet so much,
A part of your life
A part of your love
A part of
You.

Slowly strolling down the walk in the park
That Saturday, just like any other Saturday,
Came the old man,
Smiling approvingly at the young girls playing
hopscotch,

Then sighing and taking a seat on a bench to
watch.

Briskly and rhythmically stepping down the walk
This Saturday, just like any other Saturday,
Came the young man,
Whistling softly and winking at the girls as
they passed,

Then chuckling and placing himself on the bench
to rest.

Each eyed the other with peculiar superiority
And thought secret thoughts to themselves.

The old man thinking if only he were young again
How wise he'd be, how much he'd be doing.

The young man wishing he could be sure of becoming
old and wise

Wondering if he'd get over these years of confusion
safely.

This Saturday, just like any other Saturday,
Each got up to leave as dusk crowned the trees
And said goodbye with their eyes

Never talking, never feeling they he'd had anything
to share.

Aurie Hall '77

As I sit

on a rocky overhang
holding on with my toes

I gaze
at mountains
surrounding and enveloping me
overlapping

and flowing easily
into each other
as they go.

I have to catch my breath
and hold on a little tighter.

And suddenly

I want to cry,
to cry at their beauty
to weep at how flawless
and green
and blue
and smoky
they are.

My toes protest . . .

but I just hold on
a little tighter
and stay.

Katie Groos '80

Homeworkless nights.

Days like dreams.

Candy always in the dish.

Birthdays and Christmas like
wishes come true.

My tooth found with a dime
under my pillow.

Life was a fairy tale,
filled with a green, yellow,
blue and red rainbow.

Hard to remember now.

A penny for each laughing
dandyion picked.

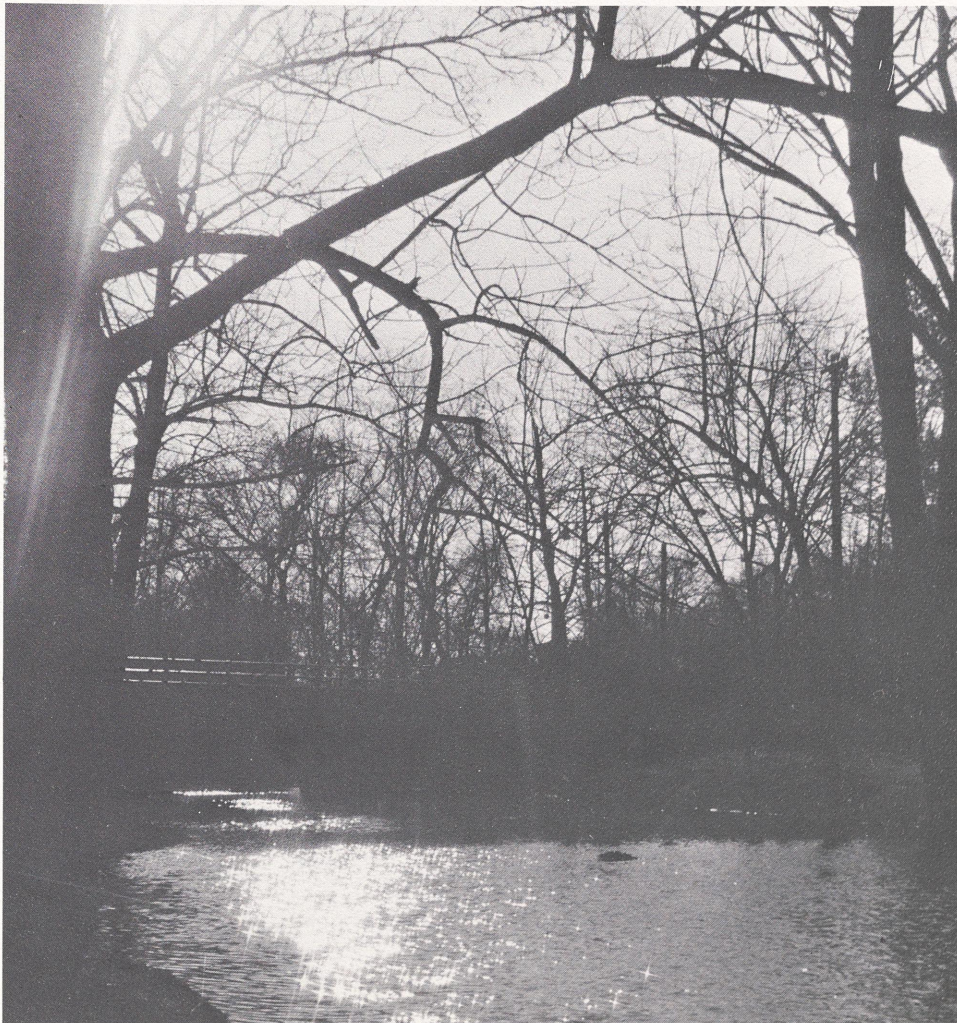
Butterflies and lightning bugs flashing
their wings and then gone.

Puddles forming under splashing
rain.

But the prompt arrival of the
sun scatters the rainbow into
fading memories.

To the Seniors of '75
Rose Ann Dortch '77

Have you seen our seniors of '75?
As they run, as they laugh,
As they live?
They seem so happy
And filled with life.
Yet have you seen them
As they stop and look around,
Seeming to try and catch
Something
That is slipping,
Too quickly,
Away?
Are they trying to catch
A memory?
For if they are,
Indeed they are,
They do this
In wisdom beyond beyond their years.



To Our Senior Class of '75
Ann Archer '75

Most of us thought way back in seventh grade,
That when you were a senior, you had it made.
But life, so they say, is full of surprises
And the years have brought many in various sizes.
Looking back, the Middle School was such a breeze—
Playing horses in the halls, running up lab fees
For all those shattered test tubes, cylinders and beakers
When Miss Van was sick and Mrs. "Toft" played teacher.
Remember Miss Henig and her boyfriend Joe?
And that eventful night, the eighth grade combo?
Miss Hensley, Miss Thompson and don't forget Mrs. Poag
To whom sentence fragments meant a big, red zero!
But life wasn't all a "barrel of laughs,"
'Cause the Upper School introduced *The Odyssey* and graphs.
The ninth grade brought new classmates, too;
Binding friendships formed between old and new.
"The Point" was the beginning of a spectacular age,
When the Class s of '75 really succeeded on the stage!
Schoolwork got harder and harder each year;
"If I had a penny" for each test I took here!
Chemistry, English, biology and frogs,
Complaining about lunch while we ate like hogs!
The small fire at the Cheeks that fateful night
ACT's, SAT's, Achievements—FRIGHT!
The initiation of uniforms, winterim and sixth grade,
Just look back and remember the progress that was made—
And never forget this special place,
The work, the fun, the friends, each face.
For I think, in retrospect you will comprehend
What these years have meant, how fortunate we've been.
And I think each senior can turn to another and say,
"Thank you friend, for the part in my life you've played."

To the Seniors of '75

... after reading six years' worth of past "senior poems"

"Tomorrow's leaders"

"Our hope for the future"

We are supposed to be new-formed butterflies, ready for the challenge
of the world —

I mean, I know we eat like caterpillars — constantly —
But butterflies?

Seems like we are just getting a little more scratched, a little
more worn, a little more polished with time —

The acne does fade, eventually.

We've worked our way this far, enduring, enjoying, not really caring,
Learning to paint toilets,

Having to cope with situations we weren't supposed to meet —

Not yet, anyway.

But talking, singing, a lot of lucky breaks, friends, and kite-flying
Have helped us make it.

Of which I'm glad.

After all — who would clean up the Senior House?

Then again — who would get it dirty?

Face it. It's a rotten choice we're stuck with, for the time being.

Along with feeling like we're ready to leave

But not really being sure.

I think we are —

But Nevernever land always seemed sort of nice, too.

Rumor says it's no fun being legal.

Too often responsibilities just seem to creep up on you —

I don't think a big stick would help.

We've expected to just take everything in stride —

But I always have had short legs.

Sometimes running is nice —

So is lying in the sun.

Seems like we'll all end up looking like pieces of driftwood.

I never could see myself as a butterfly.

Betty '75

To the Seniors of '76
Mary Stamps '76

Our senior year is near at hand
To lead this school we'll take our stand,

From sixth grade and the greenie meanies
To our class of Senior beanies.

We've one more year of green and gray
And then will end our high school stay.

Our years and years of preparation
Soon to be an application.

As now we go to sleep at night
Great monsters never cause us fright,

Instead of ghosts we now must see
The fateful letters S, A, T.

We've two more combos, one last play
And then there's one last all-club day,

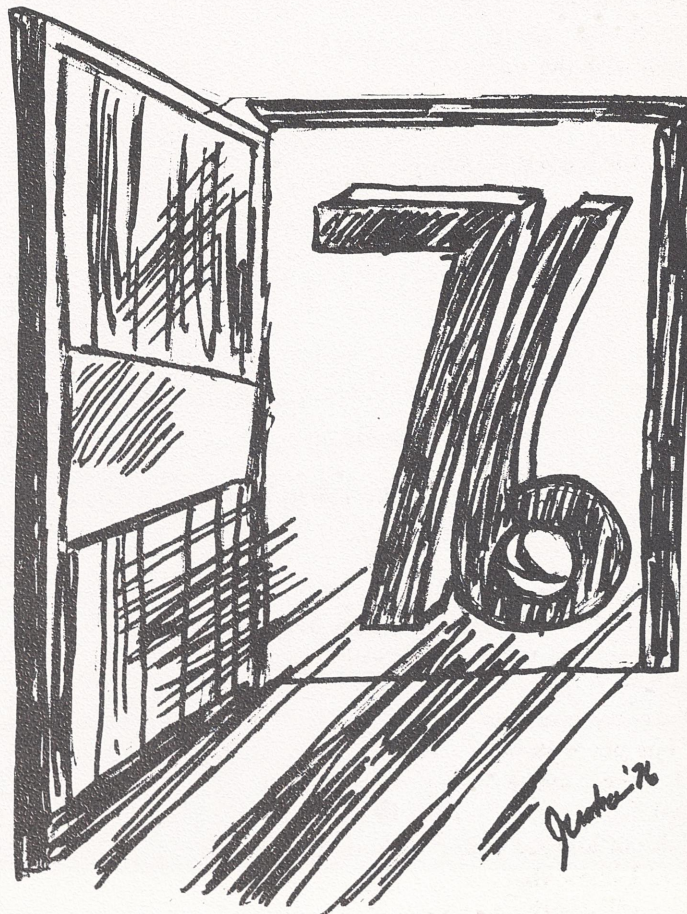
All followed by a day of tears
Of present joys and future fears.

We'll leave our world of books and plaid
To face the world of good and bad.

With fond good-byes we all will part
But memories last within our hearts.

Classes come and classes go
Many forgotten with time's ceaseless flow,

Yet all who enter these dear halls will hear
That '76 was a *very* good year!!



I Remember
Becky Hinshaw '79

Dusty roads,
And gas
for a quarter a gallon.
Life can be long,
but seem short,
if sweet,
And love can't be taken
for granted

Mountain plains,
A nickel
for a bag of rock candy.
Tears can't be shed
over the past,
But thinkin' 'bout the future,
just isn't easy.

No one knows what the future holds.
Think while you can,
When you get there—
You'll understand.

Bubbling brooks,
Paper flowers,
for half of a penny.
Laugh with the sun,
And cry with the moon—
And reap
While the harvest is plenty.

Melinda Stanfill '78

On the porch at the Old Folks' Home
Lost
Alone
Memories of the way it used to be
Like a withered flower, the smiles have faded
Some dreams are lost in eternity
Others linger on
Years come and go
Time never stops
As I sit here and write my reflections on the
past,
I look out and see young children playing,
And I know that
Life will continue without me.

Becky Hinshaw, '79

Golden Flowers
Lead me downward,
In the chariot,
To the gates.
Through all hell and Hades,
They lead me—
While my winter mother waits.
Forsaken by the pomegranate,
Three days I was tried.
Food and water broke the spell,
My winter mother cried.
The compromise of the seasons,
Gladly leads me from
The throne of Queen of Tartarus
In this shady kingdom.
My doom came on a Friday,
When a golden flower I would see.
My mother mourns for her daughter . . .
beautiful Persephone.

Jeanne Harris '79

I meant to call you the minute I got in
But the warmth of the sunshine and the promise
of a perfect day got in my way.
I meant to write you that first lonely night
But the birds with their singing and the moon
with its beaming lured me away, and I was not alone.
I meant to tell you that I loved you, but my head
was so full of thoughts of a cool summer morning
that it slipped my mind completely.
I meant to walk alone in the forest and think about
us,
But I could not concentrate on a subject that seemed
so distant to me.
I meant to remember who I was, but in all the
confusion
The real me was left behind
and was undiscovered,
Until, perhaps,
The birds stop singing
And I am alone . . .
Then I will write you.

Susan Dicker '76

Memories live in the mirror of the mind.
Unaware of the future,
They reflect the past
And feed on the present,
As they warn the mind
That mirrors often become distorted
and
That only history can thrive on the past.

Vanessa Draper '75

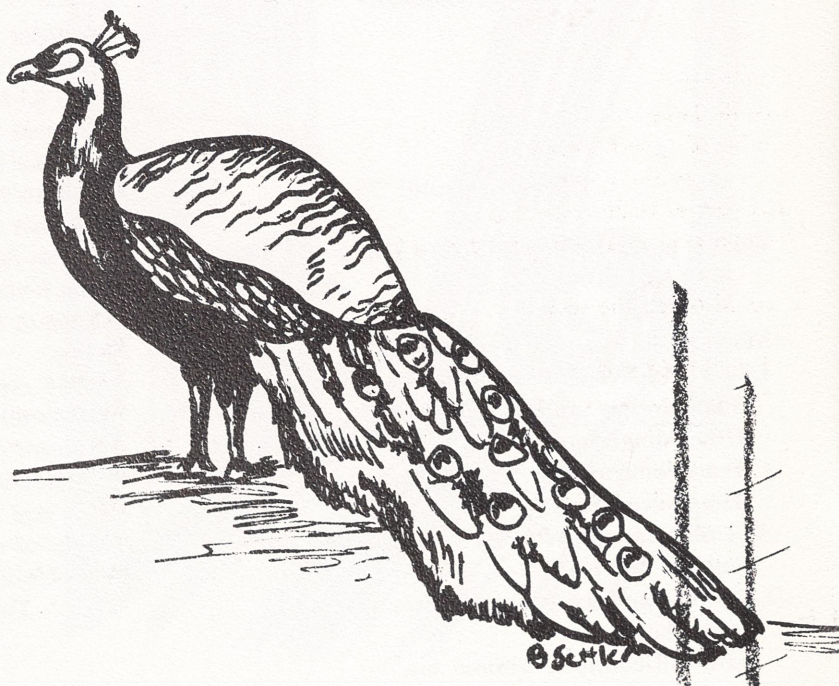
Oh, if you only knew how I felt tonight
You'd wait till the morning to ask if things
are all right.
Right now I'm sheltered by dark, gloomy
moonlit skies
But in the morning the sun's going to make me cry.

Untitled
Nancy Swystun, '77

It was not laughter,
But tears,
That washed away
The hard shell
Of indifference and fear.
And let life shine in again.

Max MacNulty, '78

Today ...
What a day.
Even the NBC peacock
moulted
in our driveway.



Lucy Adkins '76

Alone,
my mind strolls
through the paths
of memory,
stops to ponder
and admire the thought
of you.
I am awed
by the creation.

Could Be
Lauren Muller, '77

Could Be
I could hold
the bit of "good" in me
the core of the apple
that part of reality in me
I could peel away the artificial outer
covering
I could touch the seed
Then,
I could plant it
If I did not bury it too deep
I could give it care
And always space to be.
Maybe it would grow
and slowly
blossom into a

Lauren Muller '77

The other side
I had a dream
and in this dream I met my other half,
my darker person.
I first saw her standing on a distant road
her unusual brown eyes captured me
and drew me to her
I had feelings of expectancy, quiet dread,
and curiosity.
When I finally reached her, I felt like crying
out and grabbing her
But something kept me and caused me to smile
shyly and remain inside my familiar self
and stare inquisitively at her unfamiliar darkness
We began to walk
together
down the dusty road
It was hot and the clay shuffled under our feet
and gritty pebbles bounced off our shoes
We walked for quite a while
but said nothing
she was very beautiful and proud
and I was content to travel silently beside her
Then, we reached a mountain
a rocky obstacle blooming before us.
To climb it
we had to use all our separate assets
We had to reach, to stretch, to grasp, for the next
tiny foot or hand hold
Although I climbed alone
I was aware of her
climbing beside me
and somehow it gave my aching limbs strength
to struggle to the summit
And then we laughed, we sang, we cried, we danced
and I was able to reach out and grab her.
and my soul soared with the joy of finally
knowing her.
Even as we stood there
we realized that we were not the same
it was impossible to stay
my alarm clock rang
and I slipped back
into my own technicolor world
leaving her on a distant realm.

Circles of Despair
Linda Small '77

I wake up with the dawn again
My world's the same as it's always been
I'm all alone

I feel a coldness in the sun
The day's begun but my life is done
My dreams are gone

And there is little less and much more of nothing to live for
And tomorrow doesn't promise a better day.
Seems like you need to be walking
Hear a hazy kind of talking
Passing by me as I wander nowhere
Mingled voices surround me
Yet there is no one around me
And my life has turned into circles of despair

I close my eyes with the night wind
Its whispering voice the sound of a friend
I lay awake

I think of all my life dreams
Of scattered plans and lost schemes
Where have they gone?

And there is little less and much more of nothing to live for
And tomorrow doesn't promise a better day.

Tomorrow doesn't promise a better day

My words fall like rain against a curtained window
Only shadows to reassure me.
Empty shadows
Empty smiles
Gone are the eyes that look past my nervous laugh
Only blind eyes stare
And grin in mindless ignorance
While I laugh (and cry) my sorrows.

Betty '75

Daydreams
Mary Stamps '76

Freedom to escape
A place to hide
No one advising,
controlling,
opposing.
The present obscured,
And reality sometimes blurred.
Hopes expanding
Not withstanding
The limits of time.
Daydreams creating,
Recalling a tear;
A smile
Thoughts and memories of you.



Untitled
Nancy Swystun, '77

This bleak day
Is a reminder to stay
Down To Earth.
The grass remains green
Though the sky has turned gray.

Susan Dicker '76

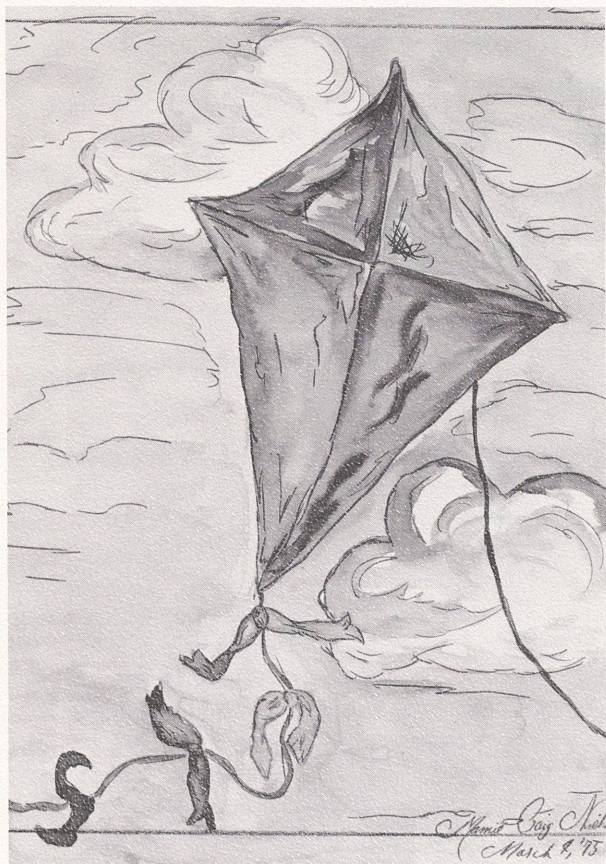
Hurting those for whom one cares
is like
Committing suicide using a voodoo doll.

Caroline McNeilly '76

You are miles away
And I talk to you only through memories,
Which are kept warm in my heart.
But sometimes busy days take a break
And moments are left free
For the mind to take over.
Those moments are all yours .
Then I remember all the words you said,
The jokes you shared with everyone
And the serious words you told only me.
I remember exactly how you smiled
And every little thing you did for me.
You comforted me like no one else could,
And talked things over with me that no
one else would.
You were someone special
And I never realized that it would leave
such an empty place in my heart when
I left.
A place that memories have tried to fill
up
But just can't.
I know I can't live on memories
But whenever I get the time to think,
Yours are the first to sneak into my mind.

Melinda Stanfill '78

She whispers silently
Never to utter
a harsh word;
The kites are ready
Mariah returns.



Nancy Swystun, '77

Algebra and Chemistry,
English, French, and History,
I think they're taking over me.
Homework, classwork, five weeks test,
They never give me time to rest,
My mind's becoming over-stressed.
Friday seems to be the worst
Because Thursday night is always cursed
With other things to be done first,
The weekend offers me no aid
For many plans I've always made
When home to study I should have stayed.

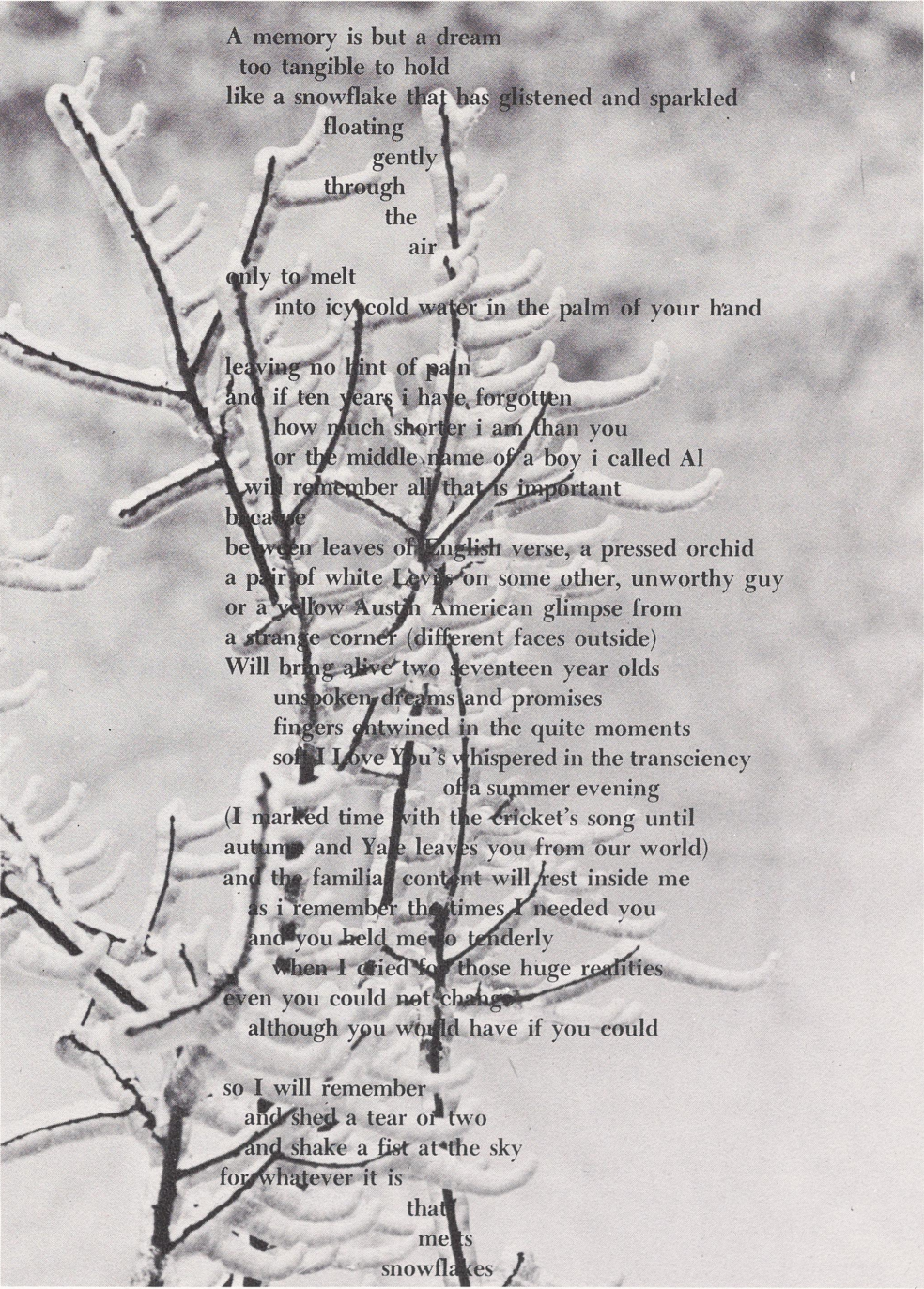
Aurie Hall '77

As the old man sits on the cliff,
clouds blow through his thin, white hair
and around the gnarled hands
that rest on his knees.
He sits and waits
in the dusky, growing darkness,
he waits for dawn.

Untitled
Ann Edson, '76

I have my thoughts to keep me company,
My fears to keep from straying.
I have my love to keep me warm,
And my dreams to keep me praying.

To B.B.



A memory is but a dream
too tangible to hold
like a snowflake that has glistened and sparkled
floating
gently
through
the
air
only to melt
into icy cold water in the palm of your hand
leaving no hint of pain
and if ten years i have forgotten
how much shorter i am than you
or the middle name of a boy i called Al
i will remember all that is important
because
between leaves of English verse, a pressed orchid
a pair of white Levi's on some other, unworthy guy
or a yellow Austin American glimpse from
a strange corner (different faces outside)
Will bring alive two seventeen year olds
unspoken dreams and promises
fingers entwined in the quite moments
soft I Love You's whispered in the transciency
of a summer evening
(I marked time with the cricket's song until
autumn and Yale leaves you from our world)
and the familiar content will rest inside me
as i remember the times I needed you
and you held me so tenderly
when I cried for those huge realities
even you could not change
although you would have if you could
so I will remember
and shed a tear or two
and shake a fist at the sky
for whatever it is
that
meets
snowflakes

Merida Sullivan '76

Childhood Memories in the Bathtub
Anne Williams '77

I remember those three hour bubble baths,
With plastic boats and rubber ducks,
Playing with Barbie, Ken, and all the rest,
Finding buried treasures on the bottom of the
ocean,
Swimming, diving, floating, and surfing,
All right in the tub!
Then the excitement really came:
Trying to see how wavy the tub could get,
But the trouble soon began,
With the bathroom and ears full of water,
Soapy, wet hair too,
And no dry towels or bubbles left,
Mom was very mad! I cried!
She said no more baths, forever,
You'll have to take showers from now on!

Racer of the Wind
Heather Muller '80

Still, barren,
now a spark of dust,
hooves thundering nearer,
flowing mane,
blowing nostrils,
strong, bold muscles,
fiery red eyes,
a flash of deep chestnut,
fast,
quick,
fleet,
now leaving
nothing
but a spark of dust,
still, barren.



Nancy Hammonds

Susan
Oh, Susan!
I wish you love and
happiness
In the Eternal City,
The Mountain City;
I wish you life!

Ivan,
How the future loves
you:
A lovelier, more intelligent
woman
You could never have found.
And
Oh!
I sing for
you both!
I dance, I laugh, I cry
tears of happiness!
The long
decision
Is made with
wisdom.
May you live—in peace and
understanding

AND
ABOVE ALL IN
LOVE!

Nancy Hammonds

Susan,
My
golden
sister,
My
twin?
So like me, and yet so
different,
So understanding, and so far
away, so cold.
I want to know the real you,
you will not reveal yourself.
You want to know me;
I hide myself behind the
mask of youth
and
misunderstanding.
Years separate us.
We watch each other
Across the
thirteen mountains.

But, we have no mirrors
Can we ever find ourselves?
Will we ever find
each other?

Ann Edson

I feel like I'm trapped in a room that
has only one window to peer out of. I strain
to look out and then I get a glimpse of a
beautiful day with the blue sky set behind
tender green. I imagine the warmth of the
sunshine on my head, but all the time I
know the clear, wonderful day is beyond my
reach,—Because the day is you and the
warmth is you, What is close for the eye is
far for the hand.

And We Had Laughed
Vanessa Draper '75

The location of our house probably had a great deal to do with Grandmother's extremely odd habits. We lived on the shore, high on a cliff overlooking the vastness of the Atlantic Ocean. No one else lived out that far. It was a lonely, quiet place. So quiet that you could hear the continual slap of the water against the cliff—a sound that eventually could drive you crazy, which brings us back to grandmother. Now, I won't say Grandmother was crazy, but her mind had reached its capacity long ago and it had begun to slip downhill rather rapidly ever since.

About her habits . . . they were, what my brother and I considered, very odd. We never really knew if she believed in the stuff or not. For all we knew, it could have been just an amusing pastime. After all, it didn't take much to amuse an eighty-year old lady. Every night at about eight-o'clock, you could see the light in her window go out and you could hear the eerie music dancing and echoing through the empty hallways of our mansion. And each night my brother and I would wait for these signals and then we would creep quietly up the three flights of squeak-stairs until we came to her room. Her door stood at the head of the stairs in a cluttered hallway that echoed memories; my father's WWI medals, photographs of my brother and me as children, and photographs of my father. Yes, this was my grandmother's hallway, grandmother's home, and each night the music reminded me that I wanted no part of this hallway, this home.

The keyhole in the door was rather large, or should I say, sufficiently large. As we peered through it though, an entirely new and different world opened up to us, a world of incense, psychic cards, ouija

boards and crystal balls. Seated in the middle of this smoky, eerie world, was my grandmother. This was how she spent her evenings—talking to her guardian angel “on the other side” or recalling my grandfather's spirit and asking him to show her again how to fill out her income tax returns. Each night we would sit and watch and laugh, laugh because we knew it was all ridiculous and laugh because we thought it was hysterical that our own grandmother believed in such things.

But that one night, an unforgettable night, the moon was a perfect half and its radiance reflected the rushing white-caps of the sea below; and the water lapped unusually loud against the face of the cliff. And the night, except for the waves, was exceptionally quiet.

We had gotten bored with Grandmother's pastimes and that night, we chose to watch television instead. The light went and the music began and a filmy smoke began to penetrate the air. Things were running smoothly. But then, from the fourth floor came a blood-curdling scream. Well, blood-curdling to most, but my brother and I simply ignored it—knowing her habits. But the screams continued. We reluctantly trudged up the creaking stairs and for the first time we actually entered our grandmother's secluded sanctuary. The candlelight was fading and the shadows growing smaller, but hunched in the corner of the cluttered, smoke-filled room was our grandmother. Her old face was wrinkled, frozen and pale; and in her cold hands, she clutched the psychic card of death. And the moon was full and the waves were slapping and we had laughed.

Heather Muller '80

Free,
soaring in the sky,
silver,
shimmering,
forever climbing toward the sun,
now speeding
toward the earth,
cold wind seeping through,
clouds passing by in swirls,
missing the earth by a fraction.
with a sigh of satisfaction.

Helen Short, '76

I am a lonely daisy which sways
in a morning breeze,
And love is the enchanted butterfly
which flies above me.
He lights upon the other daisies, but
never does he stay;
He drinks the sweetness from
their souls, and then he flies away.
Once I was glad he never came
to change life's stable tone,
But having him come, and take, and
leave is better than being alone.

Vanessa Draper '75

Miss Patty, too many times I've failed
For four years I have tried
To keep my converse gym shoes white
And my gym clothes washed and dried.
Well, as of now, my shoes are gray
And my shorts disappearing in pieces
Everything has a familiar smell
While dirt stands in the petrified creases.

Untitled
Julia Storey, '77

Wandering aimlessly through dark halls of my mind,
Finding black emptiness behind every door.
Where is my inspiration?

Swept through rushing torrents of my mind.
As I float on, the wind roars through my ears,
Not as it gently parts the wheat fields alongside.
Where is my peaceful spirit?

I search the blank faces milling about in the
corners of my mind.
Staring, unfeeling eyes glare.
I do not see the tender, caring face I long for.
Where is my love?

Stumbling blindly through deep secrets
Meaningless words swirling around me,
I reach out for a meaning of life.
Where are my answers?

As I crawl around the last corner,
The gentle glow surrounds me,
Burying me in happiness.
What is the Answer?

Hope.

My Room
Helen Short, '76

A sanctuary yet a madhouse,
A prison yet a place to free myself,
Foreign to others, to me my home.
Home when I am sad and want to be alone
in my own little world.
My room is crazy, chic, loud and messy,
but my room is me;
And it describes just what I am.

Lucy Adkins, '77

Sleep comes over me on waves;
Eroding my thoughts
And leaving the shining sculptures
Of my dreams.
Then the silent roar begins;
Overcoming all other sounds
Until there is only
The hollow, peaceful roar
Of quiet,
A dream appears
On the horizon of my mind,
Growing and coming nearer
And nearer,
Until I am on the ship
And sail
Away.

Comparison: A Person and a Turtle
Anne Williams '77

Like a turtle
with squinched eyes
Humped-back
and barefeet
I slowly got out of bed
Only to find another rainy Monday.



Secret Revealed
Mimi Nischan '78

"How does the wind blow?" asked the small child.
He was disappointed by his grandfather's answer,
"You will know when the time comes."

The child went to play at the water's edge. A curling wave splashed and gurgled over the sandcastle which was in the process of being built by the small, dimpled hands. The boy became angry and commanded the wind to halt its antics, but the breeze did not heed his words. The hands that were moulding the damp sand now punched furiously with rage, but found nothing solid.

The wind soon became like a lullaby and the child fell asleep in the sand. The breeze was teasing the leaves when the boy woke. The sight made him laugh his bubbling laughter, the sweetest music ever heard. His curly locks were made to dance at the wind's hands and his pleased him.

Darkness came like a velvet cloth, and the boy was amazed at the jeweled stars. When he was too sleepy to stay awake much longer, he slowly trotted down the solemn beach, leaving small footprints in the sand.

Tucked in his bed, he whispered to the old gentleman, "Grandfather, I know where the wind comes from," and happily dreamed through the night.

At sunrise the man and the boy walked together along the smooth sand. "Grandfather, I want to show you where I was last night." The footprints had been washed away, but his memories were still with him. "This is where I was when the wind told me that the angels sent it here. It whispered right into my ear." The old man smiled a twinkling smile with his limpid, blue eyes and thought back to the time when he was as young as his own grandson

"Grandfather, you haven't been hearing a word that I have been saying and you have a funny look in your eyes." The old blue eyes smiled again, "Let's go home," and so the young and old walked off, hand in hand, each heart content with the secret it held.



Crystalline tears
stream down my
cheek like imperfect
diamonds which melt as
they fall. Embarrassed, I
cover my face in shame
and hide from
those for whom
I weep.

The longing, the
fear, of what will
never be stabs constantly
in my thoughts, as I
turn inward to
cradle the pain,
For the joy
of giving
is lost.

Helpless,
confused, the pool
of tears spreads
though the love for a
friend is confined
And I realize
that I weep
for joy.

A joy to be unshared
forever.



